

FINAL NOTICE.

State Tax Suit for Year 1912 Final Notice.
In the District Court of Dakota County,
Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff,
vs.
The Several Parcels of Land hereinafter
described, and all Persons and Corpora-
tions having or claiming title to, or any
interest, right or claim in, and to such
parcels of real estate, or any part thereof,
Defendants.

Tract No. 809.
Tract No. 810.
To unknown heirs of Augustus Kountze,
unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luth-
er Kountze, Anna P. Kountze, unknown
heirs of Charles B. Kountze, Mary E.
Kountze, unknown heirs of Matilda R.
Gardner, Adeline Ruth, William Ruth,
unknown heirs of Clementine Brown,
Margaret B. Berger, Mary D. Oliver,
George E. Oliver, Catherine Kountze, and
to the unknown owners of the real estate
described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a
decree of the district court of said county
of Dakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in
the state tax suit for the year 1912, the
following described real estate, situate in
the county of Dakota and state of Ne-
braska, to-wit:

Lot eight (8) and lot nine (9), in block
one hundred forty-five (145), all in the
Village of Dakota, City.

Was on the 6th day of November, 1912,
duly sold at public vendue by the county
treasurer of said county in the manner
provided by law, and that the period of
redemption from such sale will expire on
the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner
of the certificate of tax sale issued by the
county treasurer will make application to
the court in the above entitled cause for
confirmation of such sale as soon as
practicable after the period of redem-
ption has expired, and you are hereby no-
tified that the time and place of the
hearing upon such confirmation will be
before the clerk of said court on or before
the 26th day of October, 1914. You will
examine said confirmation record to as-
certain the time of such hearing and may
be present, if you desire, to make any
objections or show cause why the sale
should not be confirmed.

Dated this 15th day of July, 1914.

BEILLE HARNETT,
Owner of Certificate.

FINAL NOTICE.
State Tax Suit for Year 1912 Final Notice.
In the District Court of Dakota County,
Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff,

vs.
The Several Parcels of Land hereinafter
described, and all Persons and Corpora-
tions having or claiming title to, or any
interest, right or claim in, and to such
parcels of real estate, or any part thereof,
Defendants.

Tract No. 813.
To unknown heirs of Augustus Kountze,
unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luth-
er Kountze, Anna P. Kountze, unknown
heirs of Charles B. Kountze, Mary E.
Kountze, unknown heirs of Matilda R.
Gardner, Adeline Ruth, William Ruth,
unknown heirs of Clementine Brown,
Catherine Kountze, Margaret Berger,
Mary D. Oliver, George E. Oliver, Mag-
gie Macready, Georgia Jay, and to the
unknown owners of the real estate
described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a
decree of the district court of said county
of Dakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in
the state tax suit for the year 1912, the
following described real estate, situate in
the county of Dakota and state of Ne-
braska, to-wit:

Lot twelve (12), block one hundred
forty-five (145), all in the Village of Da-
kota, City.

Was on the 6th day of November, 1912,
duly sold at public vendue by the county
treasurer of said county in the manner
provided by law, and that the period of
redemption from such sale will expire on
the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner
of the certificate of tax sale issued by the
county treasurer will make application to
the court in the above entitled cause for
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practicable after the period of redem-
tion has expired, and you are hereby no-
tified that the time and place of the
hearing upon such confirmation will be
before the clerk of said court on or before
the 26th day of October, 1914. You will
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be present, if you desire, to make any
objections or show cause why the sale
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Dated this 15th day of July, 1914.

BEILLE HARNETT,
Owner of Certificate.

FINAL NOTICE.
State Tax Suit for Year 1912 Final Notice.
In the District Court of Dakota County,
Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff,

vs.
The Several Parcels of Land hereinafter
described, and all Persons and Corpora-
tions having or claiming title to, or any
interest, right or claim in, and to such
parcels of real estate, or any part thereof,
Defendants.

Tract No. 836.
To unknown heirs of Augustus Kountze,
unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luth-
er Kountze, Anna P. Kountze, unknown
heirs of Charles B. Kountze, Mary E.
Kountze, unknown heirs of Matilda R.
Gardner, Adeline Ruth, William Ruth,
unknown heirs of Clementine Brown,
Margaret Berger, Mary D. Oliver, George
P. Oliver, Catherine Kountze, and to the
unknown owners of the real estate
described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a
decree of the district court of said county
of Dakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in
the state tax suit for the year 1912, the
following described real estate, situate in
the county of Dakota and state of Ne-
braska, to-wit:

Lot seven (7), block one hundred
forty-five (145), all in the Village of Da-
kota, City.

Was on the 6th day of November, 1912,
duly sold at public vendue by the county
treasurer of said county in the manner
provided by law, and that the period of
redemption from such sale will expire on
the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner
of the certificate of tax sale issued by the
county treasurer will make application to
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tified that the time and place of the
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Dated this 15th day of July, 1914.

VILLAGE OF DAKOTA, CITY,
Owner of Certificate.

Up to the Parson.
The parson on his way home one
evening to his horrified surprise found
one of his flock sitting against a stone
wall, his face radiating o'ermuch
cheer, and a frayed cigar clutched in
his fingers. "Dear me, John, dear me,"
said the parson. "Whatever do you
suppose will happen to you if you go
on like this?" "Nothin', sir, if you
(hie-don't tell 'er)!"

Why is it?
Sometimes it seems as if every per-
son who is lacking in initiative, spe-
cial ability or industry desires to be
either a writer, an actor or an artist.
The most agreeable way for a lady
person to make a living is to express
his own opinions, emotions and im-
pressions.—Norman Hapgood, in Har-
per's Weekly.

Had Fido in Mind.
When little Margaret passed her
plate the third time for chicken her
mother said: "My dear, you must not
eat so much chicken. I am afraid
you'll be ill." "Well, mother," said
Margaret, "I'm not eating this be-
cause I want it. I'm collecting the
bones for Fido!"—Harper's Monthly.

Intricate Story.
"Before my marriage I told her all
my past life. Don't you think I showed
a wonderful courage?" "Yes and
a still more wonderful memory."

Missed Opportunity.
Another precedent has been broken.
A New York trained nurse married a
wealthy patient, and then let him get
well.—Washington Herald.

Human Documents of Married Life

By Virginia T. Van de Water

Intimate and Human, Intensely Alive, Each Story Presenting a Problem Which Might Occur to Any One of Us at Any Time

WHY I LEFT MY WIFE

7 I can say truthfully that Doris and I loved each other when we married. Heaven knows there was no need for either of us to marry if we did not want to. Doris could have had any one of several eligible bachelors kept dangling after her—never quite refusing a man until he insisted upon her taking him or leaving him; while I was very well satisfied with my life as a bachelor physician with enough money to keep me comfortable until I made a success of my practice. And, as to him that hath is usually given, so, as I was not dependent for bread and butter upon the practice of medicine, I was soon earning enough from my profession to put jam on my bread and to buy the "gilt-edged" quality of butter. To drop the metaphor, I had a handsomely furnished office, and lived with my mother. I spent many evenings at my club, and had a goodly number of friends. Altogether, my life was a comfortable one in every way—until I fell in love. Then I thought I could never be happy until Doris married me. Perhaps I would not have been. Who knows?

I do not mean to be frivolous; but in contemplating the follies in one's life one must laugh—or curse. All married people have their little squabbles, their little differences of opinion, I suppose, and I regarded the arguments and disputes that my wife and I had as part and parcel of every wedded life. For the first year or two we were very well satisfied with each other, and with our new surroundings.

As a physician I had, of course, a right and a duty to keep professional business to myself, but as I did not mention this fact to Doris until an issue was raised, she did not know how much or how little I told her of my private affairs. When we had been married about eighteen months, however, I had occasion to express my views upon the subject. A patient sent me a letter which came when I was out. This patient chanced also to be a friend of my wife, and when Doris saw her hand-writing on the envelope she jumped to the conclusion that the writer had made a mistake and that the letter was meant for her. So she opened it. In doing this she did not tear the envelope, as the flap did not adhere tightly, and came unfastened easily, without marring the paper. When Doris had read the letter, which was a request that I call, professionally, the following evening, she simply touched the envelope flap with a drop of mud, and closed it, putting the letter with other mail on my office table. Naturally I did not mention the matter of her friend's indisposition to Doris. In fact, I knew that the patient was averse to having anyone know of it. So when, at dinner the next evening, Doris remarked, "I suppose you are going over to the Clarksons' tonight?" I started slightly, then recovered myself.

"Ah! Mrs. Clarkson told you she had sent for me, did she?" I commented. My wife smiled and said nothing. Later when I referred to the matter in talking to Mrs. Clarkson, saying that, of course, I had not felt at liberty to mention her illness to my wife until I learned that she had heard of it from the patient herself, I was informed that I was mistaken, and that nobody but the patient and her husband knew that she was not perfectly well.

Something that my wife had opened my mail, I reproached her with having done so. She reminded me that, not knowing I was the Clarksons' physician, it was quite natural that she should have made the mistake thinking that the letter addressed in her friend's handwriting was meant for her, and that the "Dr." on the envelope had been written in error. "Why didn't you tell me what you had done?" I demanded sharply. She tossed her head. "Well, if you would scold—as you are doing now. You see, I was right in my fears."

A week later I chanced to see lying at my wife's plate one morning a letter addressed to her in the handwriting of a man whom I knew, and who was an occasional caller at our home. I supposed that when Doris came down to breakfast she would explain the letter to me. Instead, she opened it, glanced over it, refolded it, returned it to its envelope, and opened and read the rest of her correspondence. As I was leaving the house, she remarked carelessly:

"Shall you be at home to luncheon?" I replied that I expected to be.

"Katie will take care of you," she informed me, "for I shall not be in."

"Ah!" I said, "I did not know that you had anything on hand for this morning."

"I am lunching down-town with a friend," she replied briefly.

The next day one of my patients mentioned, carelessly and innocently, that she had seen my "pretty wife" lunching with Mr. Moore yesterday. I did not betray my surprise, but when I reached home I asked Doris why she had gone to luncheon with a man without asking my permission. She looked at me with a triumphant half-smile.

"And do you ask my permission before you make appointments with women?" she queried sarcastically. I strove to speak calmly. "Do try to be sensible, Doris! You know that professional engagements are very different from social affairs."

I did not ask her not to go to luncheon again with men, for I was sure that if I did she would go when she chose, only would say nothing to me about it.

My wife and my mother were never

intimate. I am sure that my mother tried to think of Doris as a daughter, but they had little in common, except their love for me—and that is not often a bond of union between a man's wife and his mother.

Of course I went to see my mother whenever I could, and soon I learned not to mention many of those calls, for Doris had a nagging way of objecting to them. Each afternoon, after my round visits, as I returned to ward home, I would glance at my watch as I neared my mother's house, and if I had time I would run in and chat for a while. A week after the conversation just recorded I was warming my chilled hands when at my mother's cheery grate-fire, when the telephone in her hall rang sharply. I was wanted on the wire.

It was my wife who was speaking. She had reached home ten minutes before, expecting to find me there, as my office hours had already begun. The maid had told her that I had been called up three times by one person, as I was wanted on an urgent case.

"It just occurred to me," added Doris, "that perhaps you were at your mother's, although I could hardly believe it, as you called there yesterday afternoon."

Perhaps the fact that the telephone was between us made it easier for me to say, "I am here many afternoons."

"That evening, over our coffee, she remarked: "Tom, I wish you would pay more attention to business."

I looked my amazement. "Yes," she continued, "I do! This afternoon you might have missed a good big consultation fee just by stopping to see your mother."

"There are some things I care more for than money," I remarked illogically.

"I know it!" she exclaimed. "And I think it's pretty hard on me that you do not care all the money that you might. Don't you suppose that I would like to have the things that rich doctor's wives have?"

I set down my cup and gazed at her incredulously. "Oh, yes," she went on. "I mean what I say! You think just because I don't speak of such things that I never wish I had a motor car, and trained servants, and a private house, and lots of handsome clothes! I tell you, Tom, those are the things that make life worth while."

"And is not your life worth while?" I asked.

"Of course you think it is because I am married to you!" she burst forth. "But what have I? An apartment, when I want a house; two servants, when I want a half-dozen—no other women have; a trolley car or a taxi-cab to ride in, when I want my own motor; one new dress where I really need a half-dozen!"

"Perhaps," I said coldly, "you may some day have all these things, but it will not be until I am an older man. If you loved me you would be willing to wait and be patient."

I pushed my chair back and left the table. I simply did not dare remain longer in the room with my wife. My temper is quick and hot, and the only way in which I can control it is to get away alone with it. I had had time to become calm when, an hour later, Doris opened the door of the library where I sat reading.

"Dear Tom," she said softly, "I was very horrid, and cross, and piggy to-night, and I am sorry. Won't you please forgive me? For I love you, Tom, and even if you were as poor as I do I would love you just as much as I do now."

I gathered her into my arms and kissed her. She perched contentedly on my knee and talked, running her fingers through my hair. "Really, Tom, I think one thing that makes me so horrid and fretful is because I am worried. I need some new clothes dreadfully."

"Many of them?" I asked, remembering sundry obligations I must meet the first of the month.

"Well, several," she laughed. "And now that I am trying to be good I think I ought to make a confession to you, Tom."

"Go ahead!" I said.

"Well, I really need a new street-dress and a reception-gown, and, besides that, an evening gown, but I did not want to bother you about all this when you have so much on your mind, so I just ordered one of them—the reception-gown—without saying anything to you about it. It is made so handsomely that it will do for an evening gown, too, except upon very special occasions. And, Tom, it is really a beauty!"

"Well, dear," I said gently, "your old husband is not so poor that he can't pay for a really pretty dress for you, especially when you have come to him of your own accord and 'fessed up' your extravagance."

The above episode was still fresh in my mind when, a few evenings later, as I was starting out to attend a dinner of my medical club, I knocked at the door of my wife's room to bid her good-by. Before she could reply I turned the knob and entered.

She stood, fully dressed, before her long mirror, surveying herself approvingly. She wore a costume which I had never seen before, a gorgeous affair, cut low in the neck, and with filmy lace veiling the upper part of her shapely arms.

"My new reception-gown, the one I told you of," she said in reply to my inquiring look.

"Oh, are you going out this evening?" I asked, in surprise.

"No. I've invited a friend to dinner," she replied hastily, as she hurried from the room to give her maid some forgotten directions. She was gone before I could ask for further

particulars, and she lingered so long in the kitchen or dining room that I could not wait until her return without being late for my engagement. As I stepped from the elevator of our apartment house I came face to face with Richard Clarkson, the husband of the patient whom I have already mentioned. A vague wonder crossed my mind as I nodded to him as to whom he was going to visit in our building. He wore, I also noted, his evening clothes. Then the matter passed from my mind.

Nor did I think of it again until I stepped into my wife's room when I came home at twelve o'clock that night. She lay in bed, propped among her pillows; the electric bulb above her head was reading and up- on her novelist's flushed face. She had been eating marmos places from a huge box of these sweetmeats that stood on the table by her bed. Glancing at them, I remembered that they cost a dollar and a half a pound, and noted that the box before me must hold easily four pounds.

"Who has been spreading chest-nuts at your feet in lieu of roses?" I asked teasingly, thinking, first of all, of one or two women friends who had an abundance of money and were fond of humoring my wife's love for sweets.

"Oh, a friend of mine," she said lightly, and straightway began asking me about what kind of an evening I had had, who was at the dinner, etc. It was not until I rose from the easy chair into which I had thrown myself that it occurred to me to inquire:

"By the way, who dined with you to-night?"

For a moment she hesitated, then made an effort and said frankly, "Mr. Clarkson."

"Clarkson?" I gasped.

"Pray, why not?" asked my wife defiantly.

"But how does he happen to dine with you, and how do you happen to let him, a married man, dine alone with you?"

Her face hardened. "And how," she asked, imitating my manner, "do you happen to dine with Mrs. Clarkson, and how does she, a married woman, happen to let you dine alone with her?"

"Don't be a fool!" I exclaimed. "I should think that even you, with your shallow comprehension, would see, when I have explained it to you dozens of times, that there is a difference between a physician accepting an invitation to remain to dinner at a house at which he is calling and his wife deliberately asking a married man to dine with her when she knows her husband is going to be out until nearly midnight! Did he bring you these bonbons?"

"I asked suspiciously, as my eyes rested for a moment on the box beside her.

"Yes."

I stood looking down at her. The white light over her head showed me that, although when angry or frightened Doris usually became pale, the vivid rose in her cheeks had not faded. Before she could suspect my intention I turned quickly to her dressing table, poured some violet toilet water upon my handkerchief, and, as quickly, bent over my wife and wiped her cheek with it. The handkerchief was stained with pink. I showed it to her and sneered:

"Fainting, eh? I suppose that the complexion you wear for your husband is not quite strong and vivid enough for one of your men friends? How long since you adopted the 'make-up' business?"

She sat up in bed, her eyes flashing. "You are rude and unjust!" she exclaimed. "How long is it since you qualified as a censor of morals?"

My anger left me as suddenly as it had come. I sat on the side of the bed and tried to make the excited woman listen to reason. "Child," I said, "are you miserable, really, or are you only angry when you say these things? I want you to be happy, and I do not want to be hard upon you."

I saw that she was listening, and I continued: "I give you all that I can afford to give you. Wish I could let you have everything that money can buy; but, you see, I am not a rich man."

"There are other things that money won't buy that you might give me, and don't!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?"

"That you can always find time to go to your medical club, and to see your mother, and to go here, there, and everywhere, while I must amuse myself. You know as well as I do that I want you to make as many calls as you can, for they mean business."

But there are lots of other places you go, and I warrant, have a good time, too, while I can stay at home, and then get scolded if I have a nice man friend here to dinner."

It was useless to try to make her understand, but I made one more attempt. "Doris, why can't you tell me the truth about these things? Why didn't you tell me you had asked Clarkson here to dinner tonight?"

"Why didn't you tell me when you dined with his wife?" was the prompt reply.

We were simply arguing around in a circle, and I knew it. So I said nothing for a moment, but sat looking in perplexity at the woman who, for five years of marriage, I knew less well than I had thought I did when we were first engaged. And, as I gazed, her mood changed. She turned toward me and held out her hand.

"Dear Tom," she quavered, "don't look at me like that! Even if I do like to have a good time, you know I love you. Really, Tom, I may be silly, yet I never loved any other man in all the world except you. But—"

benevolently—"other men are lots of fun, and I do like the good time and nice things they give me!"

"I suppose you do," I said brusquely. "And I suppose you can't help it. That's the worst of it. I am too tired to talk any more now. I advise you to put out your light and go to sleep, but, for Heaven's sake, first get up and wash that pink mess off your face!"

And thus the matter ended, for that time, at least.

With all her seeming heedlessness, Doris was a dainty housekeeper and took good care of our home. Her table was excellent, her servants were well managed, and she, herself, supervised the entire menage. She loved dearly to entertain, and was, of course, extravagant in her tastes, but I never complained of the expensive dishes which she liked to set before our guests, nor of the elaborate dinners and luncheons which she took pride in giving.

As the months passed I got more and more into the habit of spending my spare evenings I might have with my mother. She rested me and Doris was often there with some of her friends. One of these—a woman whom I suspected that my wife cultivated on account of her wealth—had a box at the opera one night each week. She always invited Doris to accom- pany her on these occasions, and made much of her. One night Doris gave this friend a dinner in our home, to which she invited several intimates. Of course I must be present, and, as I watched my wife, I was not surprised that she was popular among these people. She was bright and tactful in conversation and a charming hostess.

I did not know until later who had sent her the superb corsage bouquet of rare orchids which she wore, and would have fancied it a gift from the guest of honor had I not heard her say in a stage "aside" to Doris as she bade her good-night:

"I found this letter here, on the hall table, instead of on your desk where you usually leave your mail, and I thought you had left it here for me to read, but as soon as I began it I saw my mistake, and did not read more than the first line," she said, avoiding my eyes.

I knew that she lied, but a man does not tell his wife a truth of that kind—unless he is very angry.

When I was alone, I glanced again over the letter. It was from Mrs. Clarkson, saying that she was worried about a matter that concerned her closely, and would call at my office at 8 o'clock that evening.

By the time she came the fact that Doris must know of the appointment had slipped from my mind, but away down in my inner consciousness was a feeling of resentment that she had read my letter. Man is a complex being, and it may be that the contrast between her scheming and uncandid ways and the frank, open manner of my patient made me especially gentle to the latter when she called. She had come to confide in me that she felt she must get away from town for a while, and to ask me to suggest to her a quiet resort. We talked the matter over, and she had risen to leave when she said:

"I hate to go on a journey alone, yet my husband has not the time to accompany me, even if he wanted to. Then, too, he thinks me so silly, as I suppose I am. He can't comprehend why I have such foolish notions, and I try to control them; but, oh, I get so frightened!"

"Poor child!" I said, "you poor girl!"

She dropped her head on my shoulder with a sob. She seemed so young and so helpless that, instinctively, I laid my hand on her bowed head.

"I know it is hard, dear," I whispered, "I know all about it."

"Yes," she sobbed. "Thank God you do! If I go away, how shall I get on without you?"

A rustle at the door made me look up. My wife stood there. She had turned the knob noiselessly and entered the room. Before I could speak she was gone.

When the last patient for that evening had left my office my wife asked me if she might see me alone. Her manner was cold, her eyes hard. She sat down in my desk chair, and I stood in front of her. I was angry; so was she. I waited for her to speak.

"I suppose you expect me to think that your good-looking husband sent you those,"—touching the flowers lightly—"but I have my suspicions!"

Doris laughed gaily, but said nothing. I asked her afterward if a man hand sent them to her, and she said stiffly, "Yes." I did not inquire who it was, although I suspected that, in spite of my interdiction, it was Jack Moore. Later I saw the empty flower-box on Doris's dressing table, with Jack's card lying by it. I voiced no protest. I was tired, and hated scenes

more and more with each passing month. All men liked Doris, I told myself, and love of admiration was a passion with her. Why quarrel about it?

All during that winter Mrs. Clarkson suffered with a nervous trouble that made it necessary for her to consult me often. One of the exciting causes of her condition, I shrewdly suspected, was the fact that she and her husband were growing steadily apart. Perhaps he did not understand a woman of her sensitive nature, per- haps her mercurial temperament irri- tated him, for he was calm and un- imaginative. All doctors know his type—the well, strong, robust man who is angered by tears and exasperated by a woman's nervous fancies. Once or twice I had attempted to make him see that his wife's health was in danger, but as long as she was up and about he attributed her de- pression and excitability to "whims."

When her nervous attacks would threaten her, the sufferer would send for me to give her some quieting prescription or to reason her out of the "horror" that were symptomatic of her nervous condition. She was very young, and I was heartily sorry for her. She had no relative in our large city, and was too proud to take ordinary friends into her confidence.

Some one—possibly Clarkson himself—mentioned to my wife that this one of my patients was very dependent upon me. Of course Doris spoke to me of it.

"To my way of thinking," she said, "a popular young physician should be very careful not to get himself talked about."

"If people are looking for evil they will find it everywhere," I affirmed. "And the physician in the discharge of his duties should be above the fear of such gossip."

Her lips quivered, and, seeing that she was unhappy, I explained to her the situation as dispassionately and fully as I could.

"You know, Doris," I assured her, "that I am always, and everywhere, faithful to you."

That she doubted me to the extent of watching me was proved one day when I came suddenly upon her reading a letter which I had left, inad- vertently, upon the hall table. She started and tried to conceal her action.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"Tom," she began, "I wish to say to you that you will have to carry on affairs—such as you have with Mrs. Clarkson somewhere else than in your own home. You know that I saw what took place this evening."

I held my temper in check, as I asked, "Do you think that scene requires an explanation?"

"No! Anyone can understand a scene like that, unless he has a purer mind than most people."